HOPE TONY PASTOR WILL LIVE

MULTITUDE OF FRIENDS PAINED BY HIS ILLNESS.

Veteran Actor and Manager Gains a Little, but It Is Feared He Can't Live Long —Business Reverses and the Loss of His Theatre Helped Break His Health.

News that Tony Pastor was dying—Tony Pastor who amused New York vaudeville-goers for nearly fifty years and showed, especially to members of his profession who were troubled, that he had a heart so big it was hard to believe his little body could contain it—made lots of folks sorry yesterday. Famous and rich actors whom Tony brought out years ago, actors who made good with Fourteenth street audiences but never got a chance uptown, and vaudeville specialists on circuits in many parts of the country, hoped Tony would pull through.

Scores of them and other friends of the veteran actor manager sent telegrams to his summer home, Kerry Cottage, at Elmhurst, L. I., and hope was rekindled by the answers that were sent. But those at the bedside did not deny that the patient's condition was grave and that they expected death would come before long, though Tony might hold on for three or four days.

Dr. S. H. Folwell, one of the two attending physicians, found shortly before 9 o'clock last night that the patient's pulse and temperature were normal and that the patient was resting easily. Besides the doctors, Mr. Pastor's wife and the Rev. Father Kennedy are with him constantly. Mrs. James Stack and her son Otto, cousins of Mr. Pastor, arrived from Boston last night.

Mr. Pastor's general breakdown is attributed to worry over heavy losses he is said to have suffered in theatrical enterprises last winter, and to fretting over his failure to renew his lease to his old theatre in Tammany Hall. The building is to be torn down. Mr. Pastor had not been in strong health lately, anyway, and this, together with his advanced age, considerably augments the illness.

Directly he took to his bed on last Monday all reserve strength seemed to leave him. He rapidly became worse and, indeed, for two days was in a semi-conscious state. The rally set in only yesterday forenoon, and though it continued through yesterday afternoon and evening, a relapse may not unreasonably be expected, so the doctors said.

Everybody around Fourteenth street knows Tony Pastor. He and his little theatre which he started twenty-seven years ago have been as much a part of the neighborhood as Union Square. The neighborhood changed as the years went by, but Tony Pastor didn't. From year to year his regular patrons paid their money to see his shows, which changed only for the better as vaudeville advanced, and never seemed to realize that the rolypoly manager with the close cropped gray mustache, who until a few years ago did his own singing act week after week, was getting old. Tony Pastor himself was the most popular performer who ever appeared on his own stage. His audiences were his friends. They made him feel that.

"The happiest moments of my life," said he not long ago, "have been those when I was on the stage before a large audience and felt that I was amusing the people. It is a very satisfactory feeling to have when you are conscious that you are making your auditors forget themselves, their unhappinesses, their troubles and disappointments."

That's what Tony Pastor did with his audiences. Those who were acquainted with him personally knew too that he deserved his popularity, that he made his money by hard work, that he gave thousands to charity and never failed to help a member of the profession who was down on his luck. That's why they along Fourteenth street are sorry to hear that Tony Pastor is at death's door.

Tony Pastor's appearance indicated an age of 55 or 60. He is 73 years old as nearly as can be figured. He never would tell when he was born, but was proud of the fact that the event took place in Greenwich Village. His father was a violinist in an orchestra, and Tony waited until he was 6 years old before he appeared in public. His début was in the Dey Street church, when he sang at a temperance revival. A year later he broke into the show business as an infant prodigy, singing at Barnum's Museum. Soon he joined Raymond & Waring's Menagerie, appearing in burnt cork and playing the tambo end of the minstrel band. In 1847 he went with a circus, doing tumbling and playing juvenile parts.

As the shows in those days did not perform at night he organized a concert company and gave shows in the schoolhouses. That was his star as a manager, but his bosses didn't approve and spoiled his plan. His brothers, Frank and Billy, were in the same show, one a bareback rider and the other a tumbler. Tony tried riding too, but fell off too often to make a success at it. Ultimately, however, he became a ringmaster, vocalist and dancer in the side show.

At times he took up clowning and he stuck to it uses until in 1861 he turned up at the Broadway Music Hall as a comic singer. In 1861 he went to the famous 444 Broadway and in the war time he aroused enthusiasm by appearing on the stage with a big flag and urging every one to join with him in singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Here it was that he saw the future of vaudeville. Vari ty shows at that time were a little too coarse for family consumption. Liquor was sold in the audiences and smoking was allowed. Tony Pastor decided to branch out as a manager and put out a variety s ow on a higher plane. His money went into the idea and, with Sam Sharpley, the minstrel manager, he leased the Volks Garden at 201 Bowery and in March, 1865, he announced vaudeville fit for women to attend. He was a vaudeville manager always after that.

Success didn't come without a lot of hard work, but it arrived finally and in ten years he opened his new theatre at 585 Broadway and began his policy of bringing over European performers and of encouraging local talent.

Thus he introduced Nat Goodwin and Lillian Russell in 1876 and bestowed upon the latter her stage name. She was a Miss Leonard and asked Pastor's advice about changing her name for professional purposes. He suggested "Lillian Russell" and she approved. May Irwin and her sister, Flo, played under his management early in their careers, as did many others whose names are now well known both in vaudeville and in the so-called "legitimate." Some of them, who might well be called the Pastor alumni and alumnæ, are Florence Bindley, Gus Williams, Richard Carroll, Francis Wilson, a song and dance artist under Pastor; Denman Thompson, later of "Old Homestead" fame; "Old Hoss" Hoey and his partner, Charley Evans; Billy Barry, who did his first negro monologue for Tony; Jennie Yeamans and Pat Rooney.

Pastor also introduced the first version of condensed comic opera in his presentation of "Pinafore" at the old theatre. In 1881 he moved his theatre to Fourteenth street and there he brought out Jenny Hill, the English music hall singer; Vesta Tilley, Bessie Bonehill, Bessie Belwood and Vesta Victoria.

His opening bill on Fourteenth street was little different from the show he continued to give last year. Tony himself sang his old songs, such as "Down in the Coal Mine," which he had to repeat when he appeared on the stage on his birthday in 1906. He wasn't much of a singer, as voices go, but his audiences liked him immensely just the same.

The theatre next door to Tammany Hall apparently satisfied his ambition. He thought of branching out again to upper Broadway, but thought again, and thought better of it.

"I owe my good health and my good spirits," he said last year, "to the fact that I am not worried by ambition. Frequently I have been asked why I did not move up on Broadway. Once I listened to these suggestions and actually commenced negotiations with the Sires. Then something or other went wrong and I never made another attempt.

"I look with amazement and respect at the men who can run three or four playhouses and enjoy it apparently. This one is work enough for me, but it is congenial work after all. I come down every day and attend to the booking, &c., and when that is over I am free."

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The obvious comparison of a spider weaving its web is frequently used in speaking of the work of laying the many thousands of single wires for the four twenty-inch thick cables for the new Manhattan bridge. When you have once watched the process going on you see how appropriate the comparison is. The wires are carried across from pier to pier by a carrier running on a trolley wire. This carrier has projecting from its round body several leg like looking spurs which are necessary parts of the work it is performing, and when seen from a distance, as, for instance, from the Brooklyn Bridge, the centre wheel and the outreaching spurs readily lend themselves to the fanciful notion that it really is a spider hurrying across the big space, and the three-sixteenths steel wire at that distance is only dimly seen, like a single strand in a spider's web.

A problem poem which has floated back to Manhattan from the Long Island summer resorts opens quite as wide a field for debate as any of Browning's most intricate fancies. It has been a subject of hot discussion on more than one hotel veranda. It goes:

Which do you think is the greatest slur:
Did he kiss her?
Did *he* kiss her?
Did he *kiss* her?
Or,
Did he kiss *her*?

The degree of care now exercised with canine pets is shown by the woman who twice a day parades through Fifty-seventh street to give her dogs an airing. In a baby carriage of the capacious design made for twins she rolls four fuzzy white dogs, made fast by strings to the vehicle and not allowed to move from the regular row in which they are placed. Slowly they progress from east to west on the north side of the street, and then their owner, crossing to the lower side of Fifty-seventh street, turns them toward the east.

It was noticed that the woman devoted many more hours to mirror gazing than formerly.

"I can't tell," she said dreamily, "how many times I have caught people—especially women—snapshotting me recently."

"I wouldn't be so puffed up about it if I were you," said the brute of a man. "It wasn't your good looks that attracted them. They were taking pictures of your clothes so they could copy their good points in their own dresses."

"In that case," said the woman after a moment's visible disappointment, "I am more highly complimented than if they had been photographing me. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed my clothes myself."

"I'm always sure of a certain lot of patients just at this time of the year," said a New York physician. "They belong to the class of employees who get two weeks vacation with full pay. They come to me for a general looking over and the assurance that they need more rest than they could get in the regular two weeks vacation. Many employers are ready to grant this additional time if a letter from a physician says that the employee is run down. To tell the truth, the average man or woman who has worked steadily through the year is generally in need of a little more than two weeks, and so I never think it's a bit dishonest to write the letter."

At the docks of the local coast steamers one sometimes may see the longshoremen handling big fish which are shipped without any cover. They weigh up in the hundreds and look like burlesque stage properties. The stevedores load them onto the waiting trucks with hooks and seem to enjoy tearing them as much as possible. They may be horse mackerel, sturgeon or shark. For the shark at least one would predict only a limited market, but traditions to the contrary notwithstanding the East Side has developed the sharkeating man

HENRIETTA CROSMAN RETURNS.

Reopens the Academy of Music With Her Old Success "Mistress Nell."

Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell," a play in which she has appeared more than 1,000 times, reopened the Academy of Music last night. Eight years ago Miss Crosman selected the part of *Nell Gwyn* for her first appearance as a star in New York. She was then only moderately well known as an actress, but the charm of her performance was such that her reputation was made.

Almost constant repetition has not diminished the success of the piece, and last night's audience was as enthusiastic as it would have been over a production not so familiar to theatregoers.

It is easy to see why Miss Crosman's *Nell* will always be considered her best effort. It is because she makes her heroine exactly the creature the historians have pictured—a woman who is the embodiment of mischief, ever roguish and vivacious, yet never vicious, and always natural, convincing and charming. No cause for wonder, therefore, that the public declines to tire of her.

The supporting cast last night, which in the main was good, included Louise Galloway, Barbara Clement, David Proctor, Addison Pitt, Louis R. Foley, Frank Humphrey, Gordon Mendelssohn, Frank Courrier and Ivan Simpson.

Miss Elizabeth R. Shields Engaged.

Dr. and Mrs. Nelson T. Shields of 61 West Fifty-sixth street announce the engagement of their only daughter, Elizabeth Russell Shields, to Elbert Bacon Hamlin. Mr. Hamlin is a graduate of Yale University and a member of the law firm of Hamlin & Conklin of 59 Wall Street. He is a member of the New York city Bar Association and also of the Yale, Quill, City, Republican and Automobile clubs.

TORPEDO THAT CARRIES A GUN

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER DAVIS TALKS OF HIS INVENTION.

The Idea Is That the Torpedo, After Hitting a Ship, Will Send a Shell Inside to Raise Ructions—Its Success Due Largely to Vanadium Steel—Tests Promising.

Lieutenant-Commander Cleland Davis, U. S. N., a short account of whose combination torpedo and gun was telegraphed from Boston on Wednesday night, was at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday on his way to Washington to resume his duties as assistant chief of the Bureau of Equipment of the Navy Department. Lieutenant-Commander Davis is the inventor of the new naval instrument of war which was tested successfully in Hull Bay, near Boston.

At the Waldorf yesterday he was with S. S. Wales of the Carnegie Steel Company, whose success in making plates of steel with vanadium flux has been of great assistance to Lieutenant-Commander Davis in perfecting his own invention. Commander Davis talked about his invention and the experiments which he has been making up to a certain point Beyond that point there seemed to be a naval secret, which of course he did not discuss.

However, as the layman listening to his talk understood, the new invention seems to be a combination of the familiar submarine torpedo and a gun firing a heavily charged explosive shell. The cheerful stunt which this instrument is expected to do, and according to reports from Washington has demonstrated that it will do, is first by means of the torpedo fired in the ordinary way from a torpedo tube or boat to break a hole in the side of a ship under water, and second to project through the hole a shell from the gun. The shell exploding in the vitals of a ship will it is expected put a ship out of business.

This invention marks a new and radical advance in the long contest between projectiles and armor plate. All the projectiles are now fired of course at a ship above water, and up to date it has been about an even contest between the force of the projectile and the resistance of the plate. The new under water gun reaches a ship where she is not armored and hence has the best of the fight as it looks.

Mr. Davis left Washington Wednesday evening and only upon his arrival at the Waldorf-Astoria heard the official report of the result of his last experiment. A caisson representing a compartment of a warship had been sunk in the bay and the Davis torpedo gun had gone to work upon it. It was found that the torpedo had torn a hole in the side of the caisson, the resistance being equal to that of a battleship below water line, and then through that hole the shell had entered and passed through the caisson on the opposite side and beyond for some distance.

If the caisson had been equipped with engines, coal bunkers, cross-sections and such like interference as it would meet in the interior of a ship, the progress of the shall would have been retarded until it had exploded.

"Our experiments this week," said Commander Davis, "have shown that it will be necessary for the battleship of the future to be armored to the keel to escape destruction from torpedoes of the new sort. The torpedo and tube which I have invented carries the old battle between the projectile and the armor plate, which has been so long and costly, to a similar battle under water. What I have endeavored to perfect is not an armor piercing projectile to be used above the water but rather a combined weapon which will first reach the ship below the armor and then strike a second blow to the vitals of the ship. I don't want to be overconfident, but I and my friends and the officers who have watched the tests agree that it has been demonstrated that what I have tried to do can be done.

"It is pretty generally known, I suppose, because of the torpedo tests made against the monitor Florida recently, that even when the torpedo reaches the vessel it does not do great damage. The ship may be thus struck and go on fighting. That is because, with our present day ships, there are so many compartments that the worst the familiar torpedo can do is to open up one or two compartments and then possibly not reach the vital part of the ship. As the Florida's experiments showed, the torpedo explodes outside the ship and most of its force is expended in the water. The natural defences of a vessel are enough to ward off any great danger torpedoes might carry.

"My projectile is aimed to produce an explosion inside the ship, attacking its vitals, the boiler room, the magazine, the engines or the steering gear. A successful attack on any of them would probably put it out of commission if it does not sink the vessel. The target used in the test at Fort Strong represented a section of battleship with watertight compartments, &c., and we endeavored to get through that target, and, as I learn since arriving here, we did it. It was not necessary to carry the tests further, as we had already demonstrated that we could produce the desired second explosion after getting inside the vessel and reaching our objective point.

"The projectile is in two parts, a torpedo to be driven to the vessel and a tube, or gun, to carry the high explosive necessary to drive the shell into a battleship. Both the tube and the torpedo are fired from the ordinary torpedo tube. Its effective range is that of the regular Whitehead torpedo, whatever it may be. Such a torpedo may travel a mile, but the captain of a torpedo boat knows that his aim at that distance is not likely to be accurate, so he would naturally try to get nearer his target. However, if the torpedo's nose comes in contact with an obstruction, a battleship or its torpedo netting, the blow sets off the charge of high explosive in the tube and a high explosive shell is driven into the hull of the vessel. At the same instant a time fuse is set to work that ignites the guncotton at a determined time after the contact. The explosion that follows should end the career of one battleship unless it can be docked and repaired very soon.

"Great credit for the success of this new navy weapon must be given to the element known as vanadium, for without that the new torpedo could not have been carried to completion. You must remember that to control the large quantity of high explosive used in the tube to drive the shell into the ship the steel with which it is constructed must be of a heretofore practically unattainable tensile strength. After more than a year and a half of experiments Mr. Wales was able to get that resisting power by the use of a flux of vanadium in the steel with which the tube is made. With the ordinary steel of the present day, that is, the best ordinary gun steel, the tube alone weighed a thousand pounds and necessarily could not be made to carry a shell to the objective point. We have made many experiments with tubes made from the steel processed with vanadium until we have reached a minimum of weight with a maximum of tensile strength.

"It is interesting to consider also the value of this new combination steel in connection with the matter of armor plate for battleships. This new element vanadium promises to be as effective in the construction of armor plate as in the construction of the new torpedo tube. Plates made with the vanadium flux have been tested by the Government at Indian Head with the most satisfactory results. But these experiments are still going on, seeking perfection or something nearer perfection, so I must not go much into detail on the subject.

"It is quite sufficient for the present to know that our navy is in the position of having the best known projectile and, we hope, of having the strongest armor of any navy in the world."

SEEKS HER DEAD SON'S FRIEND.

Newark Woman Advertises for "Marian," Who Was Kind to a Dying Soldier.

Wishing to express her gratitude to a young woman who was kind to her son in his last illness, Mrs. Charles B. Spencer of 48 Tichenor street, Newark, yesterday caused to be inserted in a Newark newspaper this advertisement:

Will Marian of Arlington, last name not known, who corresponded with Mr. C. B. S., at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, please call at 48 Tichenor street, Newark?

Spencer was a soldier 24 years old. He died on Wednesday at Fort Hamilton. At one time he was a conductor on a Newark trolley line the cars of which ran to Arlington, and one day about two years ago he disappeared. His family later learned that he enlisted with the Sixth Cavalry. For a time he was at Fort Slocum, later at a military post in South Dakota and then in charge of a commissary department at Fort Hamilton.

On Wednesday the Spencers received word from the Captain of the company that the young man was dying. Mrs. Spencer went to the fort with her daughter and they were present when he died. Young Spencer had been ill ten days with kidney trouble.

While looking through her son's effects Mrs. Spencer found a letter which had been sent to her son by "Marian." It was dated a few days ago and said she was sorry to know that Spencer was so ill. She wrote that she would call to see him next Sunday with some needed comforts.

In speaking about the Marian letter Mrs. Spencer said that it went to show that a stranger had been able to do more for her son than she had herself. That is why she is so eager to thank the young woman. Mrs. Spencer said that she inserted the advertisement for one particular reason. That was, she said, so she could meet the young woman personally and prevent her from going to the fort Sunday only to find that the boy is dead.

The body will be taken to Newark for burial. No arrangements have been made for the funeral.

GUESTS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Ambassador Francis and Ben Greet, the Actor, Among Visitors at Sagamore Hill.

OYSTER BAY, Aug. 13.—Besides his political visitors the President had as luncheon guests to-day Charles S. Francis, United States Ambassador to Austria-Hungary; Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, Walter L. Fisher of the National Conservation Commission and Ben Greet, the Shakespearian actor. The guests reached Oyster Bay on the 12:10 train and all but Mr. Greet returned by automobile. Mr. Greet was driven to the railroad station later in the afternoon by Mrs. Roosevelt, who a few days ago witnessed a performance in New York by the Greet Players.

Ambassador Francis said that he was on his regular leave of absence and had come to pay his respects to the President. He said he did not carry any special message to the President from Emperor Franz Josef, but remarked that the Emperor was a great admirer of the President and inquired after him whenever he saw the Ambassador.

"Relations between the United States and Austria-Hungary are at present of the most friendly and cordial nature," said the Ambassador.

Forester Pinchot and Mr. Fisher came to talk over with Mr. Roosevelt the work of the National Conservation Commission, which is engaged in taking stock of natural resources of the country, a work in which the President has taken the greatest interest.

THE PRESIDENT HELD UP.

Caught on Tennis Court by Solicitors for Hospital—Ambassador a Victim Too.

OYSTER BAY, Aug. 13.—As Ambassador Francis, Gifford Pinchot, Walter L. Fisher and Ben Greet were on their way from the railroad station to the President's home to-day they were startled by a cavalcade of wild riders that swept down on them and with the command "Hands up" demanded contributions to a fund for the benefit of the Nassau Hospital at Mineola. The riders belonged to David B. Rintoul's riding school, of which the President's two younger sons are members, and armed with a collection of Revolutionary muskets and horse pistols they threw a lot of realism into their work.

Ambassador Francis entered into the spirit of the thing and handed his contribution to one of the young women riders, who pinned a Red Cross tag on his guard to guarantee immunity from other highway men and women.

Although Quentin and Archie, the President's sons, did not take part in the game, the other members of the riding school made an attack on Sagamore Hill. They caught President Roosevelt at the tennis court and when he saw that his retreat was cut off he surrendered gracefully and made a liberal contribution.

Encouraged by this success the boys and girls took post in front of the executive office and held up every one who passed. Each had a red cross to show the cause for which they drew muskets. Some of the few daring persons tried to run away, but few succeeded.

SORRY HE HIT A MAGISTRATE.

Disciple of Freak Church in Brooklyn Apologizes to Higginbotham.

Howard Dinwiddie, a disciple of the First Assembly of Christ, who became involved in a dispute with Magistrate Higginbotham in the Bedford avenue police court, Williamburg, Wednesday afternoon after a hearing in the case of four members of the sect who were charged with maintaining and keeping a disorderly house, was arraigned in that court yesterday afternoon on Higginbotham's charge of assault. Dinwiddie at the time he struck the Magistrate was arrested and held in $1,500 bail for a hearing. When he was brought before the court yesterday his attorney, Joseph M. Callahan, told the Magistrate that Dinwiddie was willing to apologize for his conduct.

Magistrate Higginbotham accepted the apology and then paroled Dinwiddie for a further hearing on August 20.

WHEN THE CHORUS SINGS DA, DA

SLEEP PASSETH FROM FORTY-SEVENTH STREET POLICE.

It's the Variations to the Childish Words That Bother the Patrol—Why Can't the Musical Director Use the Soft Pedal? —Please, Big Chief Bingham, Step It.

The policemen of the West Forty-seventh street station are not light sleepers. The elevated road runs within a short distance of their station house, for one thing. Also there is the clubhouse of the Irish Counties Amateur Athletic Union next door, where all winter there are parties and dances and carnivals and shindigs. And not a complaint is heard from the men of the West Forty-seventh. But there is a limit, and that limit has been reached.

It is only a few days since *Gwendolyn, the Bookmaker's Daughter*, or something like that, threw her hooks into *Percival de Metropole* and wrung from him for the last time before going on the road the papers with which he thought to enslave hub, all right there in the same Irish Counties clubhouse. That was trying for a time. No sooner would a member of the fifth platoon settle himself in his bunk for a few hours sleep and drift off into a realm where sergeants are unknown and back doors are as the leaves of the forest than *Gwendolyn* would let out a whoop that somebody had his foot on her chest and was trying to poke her with a long cruel knife. Patrolman Flaherty would vault out of his cot and feel for his gun, and, waking up, would lie down again. It sure was trying; but after a few days one could sleep even while *Gwendolyn* wept. Then *Gwendolyn*, after her kind, drifted out into the broad world. But her going did not bring peace. Instead it brought about 150 chorus girls of the "Buster Brown" companies, East and West, and the "Hall Room" boys.

The thing which is cutting into the hearts of the policemen of the West Forty-seventh now is that they ever complained of *Gwendolyn*. Her best scream was the prattling of a babe compared to what followed her. The shots which foretold her victory over the powers of ee-vul were the humming of flies compared to the grounding of a score of muskets in the hands of the Highland Lassies in their soiled shirtwaists and serge skirts. If never before you have felt sorry for a policeman imagine yourself trying to get your daily rest with this coming in the windows:

Baby, does you love me, lo-ove me,
Baby (one, two) tell me tru-u-ue (three, four)

Whadye think this is? A funeral? Get some life into it! Now, again—one, two, three, four, ready, sing—

Baby, does you love me, lo-ove me,
Baby (one, two) tell mee——a

And then there's the ast line or so:

—— So if baby loves his nur-sey
Baby say da, da!

To a sleepy policeman there is only one way to say da, da! and that is like this: da, da! And that is the way the girls say it the first time and thereby rouse all that is least gentlemanly in the nature of the musical director. So they try another way, like this: da, da! And that doesn't go any better; in fact the m. d. is sorer than ever. So he shows them that as a matter of fact the line *should* go (one, two, three) da, *da!* That time the left side of the line got it *da*, da! instead of da, *da!* and even a sleepy policeman can see that that isn't right. The musical director now makes it (one, two, three) *da, DA!!* And so it goes until at the end everybody is trying to fix it so the printer will have to send to the factory for something strong enough, and it sounds lik this:

So if ba-by loves his nur-sey,
Baby say (one, two), DA, DA !!!!!!

One of the policemen said yesterday that he doubted if any definite action would have been taken about the matter had it not been for that dispute over the da, da! Scarcely a word of protest was heard when the girls were singing to Sue to come out because of you I'm dreaming and moontime is apoontime. It was true, he said, that one of the men had remarked one afternoon that he wished they would wait until moonlight to sing that, because then the other platoon would be in the house and he was sure they would love to hear it and he hated to be selfish. When your eyes are shut and you are trying to sleep you can imagine that the moon is beaming, even if it is only 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But it is hard to hear da, da! at any time of day, the men say.

Even that wouldn't have been so bad if it had been allowed to stay da, da! and hadn't been forced up to DA, DA!!!! After all there is a lot of difference how you say da, da! An innocent baby, for instance, cooing and slobbering in his crib, can say da, da! in a way that seems almost intelligent. But he says it soft and quiet, keeping his louder and harsher tones for his other word, Y-o-o-w! On the other hand, fifty strong voiced women, all anxious to make good with the musical director, can do things to da, da! that the uninitiated would scarcely suspect. And that is really what the men of the Forty-seventh street station are kicking about.

What they want if they must have da, da! at all is a da, da! that is soothing and that will blend with their dreams and make them think of the little home down in Jamaica which they seldom see and of the simple domestic sounds which, praise be! they seldom hear. In short, what they want is a nice, quiet, ladylike da, da! that coos in one's ears like the gentle dove.

The question is, Will Bingham see that they get it?

J. Montgomery Sears's Funeral To-day.

BOSTON, Aug. 13.—It has been decided to have the funeral of J. Montgomery Sears, who was killed yesterday morning in an automobile accident near Providence, at Mount Auburn Chapel to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

His mother and her daughter Helen are travelling abroad. They were notified yesterday by cable of the accident.

MEANDERINGS OF A MONKEY.

Stray Simian Invades a Home at Sayville, but Nobody Can Catch Him.

SAYVILLE, L. I., Aug. 13.—A young monkey jumped through James King's dining room window yesterday noon, just as the family were sitting down to dinner, bounced from the table to the sideboard and began to lay into the fruit.

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed King, who is a boatman and swears accordingly.

More effectually to speed the parting guest King went out to his shed where he got a crab net and came back to tangle up the monkey in it. King is an expert crab catcher, but found that he wasn't so well versed in the theory of catching monkeys, and Jocko had no difficulty in dodging him. The chase continued up stairs and down for a long time, till the simian, seeing a good chance for a getaway, ducked out of the door and scuttled up a tree.

By this time the screams of the women folk had brought a big crowd of neighbors around. At first they were all for going up the tree and bringing the monkey right down, but a party of boys, who made a beginning at the attempt, suddenly changed their minds when the monkey came half way to meet them, gnashing his teeth and gibbering with rage.

After that the crowd contented itself with standing round and throwing things, while the monkey stuck to his perch like a deciduous fruit that wouldn't decid. Nothing further happened in the afternoon, but along toward evening, just as everybody had got cricks in the necks, the monkey began to move.

He spied a little clump of woods perhaps a quarter mile away from where he was and made his way to it, overhand, among the grove of trees. He reached his final restingplace on the premises of the late John Woods, who used to be supervisor of the town of Islip, toward dusk, and there camped out among the branches overnight.

The brute hasn't been seen since. Nobody seems to know how the monkey got so far afield as Sayville. There is no circus in the vicinity. The monkey wore no clothes such as are worn by organ grinders' monkeys, and the only other explanation of its presence, seemingly, is that it escaped from Central Park and took the late theatre train out.

VICTORY FOR HEALTH BOARD.

Policeman Who Shot Unmuzzled Dog Exonerated of Cruelty.

The Board of Health scored a victory yesterday in the test case of whether Policeman Fitzgerald used unnecessary cruelty in killing a Dalmatian dog belonging to Charles W. Fendt, a stable keeper, of 705 Columbus avenue. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals brought Fitzgerald to court on a summons to explain his action. Dr. Walter Bensel, sanitary superintendent, represented the Board of Health and Lawyer E. J. Fanning appeared for the society.

Several witnesses testified that the policeman fired a shot which slightly wounded the dog in the mouth and then followed the dog into the stable, tied a rope to it, dragged it to the street and there put two more bullets into its head. Dragging the dog by a rope and the failure of the policeman to kill it with the first shot constituted the cruelty, the society's representative said. Magistrate Corrigan listened patiently to the evidence of the society and then discharged the policeman. The Magistrate said:

"The witnesses for the complainant differ in their testimony. One said the officer tied the rope around the dog's neck and dragged seventy-five feet. The other witness said the policeman tied the rope to the dog's collar and shot it a few feet from the door of the stable.

"I think the officer did perfectly right to finish the dog by putting the second and third bullets into its head. Tying the rope to it was a proper way to secure it so that the officer could kill it without endangering the life of any person near by. The officer had orders to kill all dogs he found on the street unmuzzled and not in leash. The witnesses for the society both testified that the dog was not muzzled and was running loose on the street. Therefore the officer only did his duty."

Actor Sues Autoist for Killing His Dog, Also an Actor.

Jack Dillon, ex-catcher of the Eastern League Jersey City Baseball Club, who is starring with his wife in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," has brought a $500 suit in the First District Court, Jersey City, against Dr. William L. Hetherington of 299 Varick street for running over with an automobile and killing the plaintiff's dog, also an actor. Dillon will try to recover for the actual value of the dog star and also for the loss of his stage services.

Bishop Greer Returns.

Bishop David H. Greer, successor to Bishop Henry C. Potter, arrived yesterday by the White Star liner Majestic and went to his summer home on Long Island. He said his visit to England, where he attended the Lambeth conference, had been cut short by the death of Bishop Potter. Arrangements for the public funeral service for Bishop Potter will be made known by Bishop Greer later.